Okay, November 15th, continuing.

I have the phone propped up on its little stand this time and it's on the table because apparently, having it just sit on the arm of the couch was just trapping ridiculous amounts of heat, even though all it's doing is recording a video of nothing but audio. (sarcasm) But what do I know about technology? It's not like it's supposed to be getting

better instead of worse. (end sarcasm)

We're continuing this—

[bird chirping loudly] Hello, pretty birdie.

Still on chapter two, I think? Click, click, click, click, click, click. Yeah, we're we're on chap chapter two. I can remove my highlight of where... what was just serving as a bookmark.

More more shitty fucking dialogue formatting. It's never

going to stop being shitty, I guess.

So, we had Murderbot say, "I like *parts* of my function.” except I, I'm I'm putting more personality into that statement than is actually in the book because there's no there's no emphasis or anything in that statement. It's just “I like parts of my function."

And then it's thinking, “I liked protecting people and things. I liked figuring out smart ways to

protect people and things. I liked being right.”

None of that's actually true.

Um, and then instantaneously ART is saying without proper formatting of the dialogue.... Hopefully my voice is not going to be too quiet because well— I guess if it's sitting like this propped up, it can sit over here. It can sit on the couch and just be propped up. Doesn't really make a difference.

Okay. ART instantaneously responds—Badly! Badly writing. This should have been fixed by an editor.

> “Then why are you here? You're not a free bot—”

Look. Okay. So So, okay. This is in response to Murderbot saying, "I don't hate being a, um an enslaved meat shield. I like parts of being an enslaved meat shield."

So then ART’s response is,

"Then why are you here? You're not a free bot looking for your guardian who presumably cannot simply be sent a message via the public comm relay on the transit ring we recently departed.”

So Murderbot said, "No, I don't —“ [Very loud bird chirping interrupts] Very loud chirping.

Uh Murderbot said, "No, I don't dislike being a slave." And then

ART's like, "Okay, so why the fuck are you running away?"

But then— um, the fact that Murderbot is running away, that's a thing we're supposed to think is bad. I'm not joking. We're literally supposed to think it's bad that Murderbot is running away from its slave owners.

[loud bird chirping, joined by other birds] Thank you, Birdie. Apparently, I just it, yeah.

> The question caught me by surprise because I hadn't thought it was interested in anything besides itself.

And again, that's just another nonsensical statement, just saying out of nowhere that Murderbot thinks that ART is self-absorbed, and that's, like, that's not based on *anything*!

It's asking you about yourself, why—? Whatever. It's just bad writing. It's just bad writing.

I hesitated, but it already knew I was a SecUnit. And it already knew there was just no circumstance where it was legal and okay that I was here. It might as well know who I was. I sent my copy of the Port FreeCommerce news burst into the feed. That's me.

And then more more terribly formatted dialogue.

It's just terrible— [birds chirping] Bird is just so loud.

Dr. M—

[bird chirping loudly]

All right, I'll just pause this quick and come back in five minutes when they're done yelling because I presume this is just yelling time.

[timeskip]

Okay, they're still going, but not as badly as before. Um,

I sent my copy of the Port FreeCommerce news burst into the feed. “That's me.”

And then the terribly formatted dialogue with no proper formatting. Shut up, phone. It's like ‘move back to improve focus!’ You're not looking at anything. Shut up.

“Dr. Mensah of Preservation Ax purchased you and allowed you to leave?”

Uh, and then again, terri— just the formatting, it's so bad. It's so bad.

> “Yes. Do you want to watch World Hoppers again?” I regretted the question the instant later. An instant later. It knew that was an attempt at

[birds calling loudly] Come on. They might be responding to me talking. They're just— They're just Okay, I guess they're just going to be in the background.

> It knew that was an attempt at distraction, but it said, "I am not allowed to accept unauthorized passengers or cargo and have had to alter my log to hide any evidence of your presence." There was a hesitation. “So, we both have a secret.”

So, we're trying to equate um, altering a computer log, to being a runaway slave. Those are not even remotely the same thing.

> I had no reason not to tell it except fear of sounding stupid

Because, because, because, because running away as a goddamn slave, running away from your slave owners is stupid, Martha Wells, that's, that's a stupid thing??? Are you serious???

Oh my god.

> I had no reason not to tell it except fear of sounding

> stupid. “I left without permission. She offered me a home with her on preservation, but she doesn't need me there. They don't need SecUnits there. And I didn't know what I wanted. If I wanted to go to preservation or not. If I want a human guardian.

Is this all dialogue? [scanning the page] It's all dialogue. Okay, hold on.

> “I left without permission

Because it's really hard to tell what's dialogue and what's just murderbot monologuing to itself, because they're done in the exact same way, and the only difference is whether there's a quotation mark or not. I— This is all being said out loud. [bird calls loudly] Thank you so much, Bird.

> “I left without permission. She offered me a home with her on preservation, but she doesn't need me there. They

don't need SecUnits there, and I [dot dot dot] didn't know what I wanted. if I wanted to go to preservation or not. If I want a human guardian, which is just a different word for owner. I knew it would be easier to escape from the space from the station than it would from a planet. So, I left. Why did you let me aboard?”

I thought maybe I could distract it by getting it to

> talk about itself. Wrong again. It said,

And no, bad fucking formatting. This is not how paragraphs work.

So, we have Murderbot saying in its internal monologue, "I thought maybe I could distract it by getting it to talk about itself. Wrong again." And then ART is talking in this exact same fucking paragraph.

That's not how paragraphs work.

It said, "I was curious about you and cargo runs are tedious without passengers. You left to travel to Rabbi Hyra Hyra Mining Facility Q station. Why?"

"I left to get off Port FreeCommerce away from the company." It waited. "After I had a chance to think, I decided to go to Rabbi Hyra. I need to

> research something and that's the best place to do it." I thought the mention of research might stop its questions since it understood research. No, not so much.

Again, ART is now talking in the exact same paragraph as those — that monologue.

> "There were public library feeds available on the transit ring with information exchanged to the planetary

> archives. Why not do the research there? My onboard archives are extensive. Why haven't you sought access to them?"

And it's like, okay, so so Martha Wells, so Martha Wells, when ART is asking basic fucking questions, when a character's actions don't make sense, then that's just ART being logical.

But when the readers that you're forcing to pay for this shit— that you're not actually

putting effort into— ask basic questions, then, um, we don't understand how storytelling works.

Because you see, ART's just asking the basic questions and pointing out the basic inconsistent fucking things the exact way I am.

ART is asking, "You literally have access to every single book on my archive and you haven't even, uh, glanced at them, but

you say you want to do research."

These are just basic questions. So again, this is the hypocrisy and the fucking flip-floppy to "whatever sounds best in the moment".

When— when her beloved her her pet character— it's very fucking obvious that ART is Martha Wells's favorite character that she's ever written— when her pet character asks basic questions

because something doesn't fucking add up, then that's, that's clever and shows how smart ART is.

But when people in the audience who are having to pay her for a job she's refusing to do ask basic questions, then we "just don't understand how storytelling works" You notice that? Like literally, it's just shit, it's just shit writing. It's whatever sounds good in the moment. Ignore everything that

came before and everything that will come after.

"Why not do the research there? My onboard archives are extensive. Why haven't you sought access to them?"

I didn't answer. It waited 30 whole seconds. Then it said, "The systems of constructs are inherently inferior to advanced bots, but you aren't stupid."

So Martha Wells, she literally can't keep anything straight.

So now we are saying that actually advanced bots are superior to the human brains that are in cyborgs which is what constructs means. But I thought we just fucking established that no robots in this story or at people unless they're special like ART, because you — like she what she fucking said, um:

"There's, there were ro— evil robots on the the feed the TV all the time but that's just fake." And then the answer is yes that is just fake. It's just that ART is special. Meaning we're now being told to believe that all of the robots in this story they're just fake, they're not actual people.

Except also, supposedly, um uh a bunch of them are way more advanced than than a, a fucking human brain.

She literally cannot keep anything straight because she doesn't give a single shit about actually telling a good story, the only thing she wants is for you to shell out your money until your wallet is empty.

> Yeah, well, fuck you, too, I thought, and initiated a shutdown sequence.

And now we're on chapter three. And you know, have you noticed the extreme surge in uh, little dot dot dot um time skips,

page breaks in places that they don't really fucking belong?

Yeah, that's because she can't actually figure out how to how to do scenes in sequence. So, we're just going to keep skipping around at random, including this right here. She couldn't think of any other way to to continue this story. So, Murderbot just just shuts itself down out of nowhere.

> Chapter three. I jolted awake four hours later when my

Wow, cool. Yeah.

So, when I ask basic questions, it just means I don't understand how storytelling works and what a story is. Um, but when ART asks basic questions, that's really clever and cool.

> I jolted awake 4 hours later when my automatic recharge cycle started. The

transport said immediately, that was unnecessarily childish.

"When my automatic recharge cycle started."

What?

So, Murderbot has to be not shut down in order for this mysterious, undescribed, never explained recharge cycle to function?

What does that fucking mean?!

Again, in in the first book, we were told that, "oh, my batteries can last hundreds of thousands of hours from now."

And in this one, we've graduated to, "oh, uh, my system is entirely, uh, self-regulating. My batteries can last to infinity and beyond."

And now we're told that Murderbot being unconscious means that it's automatic recharge cycle— a recharge cycle that, that can't function

while it's shut down — whatever the fuck being shut down means for Murderbot!

Because sometimes it means um taking a nap or whatever, and sometimes it means dying or, you know, ~pretend there's drama, pretend it's really dramatic. It's totally dying for real. Ignore the fact that every single time it gets injured, it's literally fixed perfectly before 10 pages pass, if even that.~

So, so Murderbot shut itself down and woke up 4 hours later because it's its recharge cycle, whatever the fuck that means, has started. This is just shit writing.

> The transport said immediately "that was unnecessarily childish."
>
> "What do

And again the dialogue the dialogue never stops being terrible.

"What do you know about children?" I was even more angry now because it was right. The shutdown and the time I had spent inert would have driven off or distracted a human. The transport had just waited to resume the argument.

"My crew compliment includes teachers and students. I have accumulated many examples of childishness."

And yet, uh, earlier and continuing in this book, ART will continue to claim, "Oh, I just don't know how people work. I'm just as anxious as you are. I'm just as a fish out of water as you are. Trust me, I don't know what I'm doing. You should totally panic."

I just sat there fuming. I wanted to go back to watching media, but I knew it would think it meant I was giving in, accepting the

> inevitable. For my entire for my entire existence, at least the parts I could remember, I had done nothing but accept the inevitable. I was tired of it.

Wow. I wish we could fucking keep that goddamn energy.

That's— That's— Damn. Imagine if Murderbot were actually tired of accepting the inevitable and was actually tired of just going along with what everybody tells

it to do, which is what being a fucking slave is.

But Martha Wells wants you to think that "actually, um, telling a slave they can do anything they want is actually *really* violating their bodily autonomy, but, um, forcing them to continue being your slave forever, doing the exact same thing you enslaved them to do, that's that's how you *really* respect their bodily autonomy!"

Because she's a fucking racist. She's just an unrepentant racist.

We are— And again, the dialogue, the dialogue, it it continues to be horribly formatted, just coming out of nowhere.

> :We are friends now. I don't understand why you won't discuss your plans."

So, this is ART just manipulating and trying to guilt trip Murderbot, a runaway slave,

into revealing all of its fucking secrets and its tragic backstory.

It was such an astonishing, infuriating statement. "We aren't friends. The first thing you did when we were underway was threaten me," I pointed out.

"I needed to make certain you didn't attempt to harm me."

I noticed it had said attempt and not intend. If it had

> cared anything about my intentions, it wouldn't have let me on board in the first place. It had enjoyed showing me that it was more powerful than a SecUnit.

Because ART is just an abusive fucking bastard. If you haven't caught on to that yet.

> Not that it was wrong about the

This next this next paragraph doesn't make any fucking sense.

Not that it was wrong about the attempt. While watching the episodes, I had managed to do some analysis of it using the schematics in its own public feed and the specs of similar transports available on the this

Oh my god. Shut up. Shut up. Why are you doing this? Do you do you fucking hear this shit?!?!

While watching the episodes, I had managed to do some analysis of it, using

> the schematics in its own public feed and the specs of similar transports available on the unsecured sections of its database. I had figured out 27 different ways to render it inoperable and three to blow it up. But a mutually assured destruction scenario was not something I was interested in.

That paragraph doesn't make any fucking sense, because

you're saying that "ART wasn't wrong to think that you were going to attempt to hurt it when you first got on, before it threatened to fucking kill you."

And we're now— now Murderbot is claiming that it (ART) was in fact correct to be worried about that, because *after* it threatened to murder Murderbot, Murderbot thought of ways that it can defend itself.

That's just fucking nonsensical.

And this is this is saying that actually yes, ART was correct to fucking threaten to murder Murderbot when Murderbot had not done a single fucking thing to it.

ART, we are literally saying "yes, ART was correct to do that because um yeah, I, I had afterwards, long afterwards, I thought of ways that I might be able to defend myself from it."

So, so we are simultaneously—on the first part of this

conversation is pointing out that yes, ART literally threatened to fucking murder Murderbot for literally no goddamn reason, and then the back half of this conversation is saying "actually, ART was completely justified in doing that because afterward—like, multiple hours afterward, because we're saying that "while watching the episodes", so while they were watching TV together, Murderbot came up with some attempts at self-defense plans.

Like, so we're lit— we're literally trying to retroactively justify and say that ART was completely justified in threatening to murder the runaway slave that it purposefully let on board itself, because *after* threatening to murder this slave for literally no fucking reason and literally just to be cruel, *after that* the slave imagined some scenarios where it might be able to defend itself by by doing a mutually assured destruction scenario."

That's that's what we're saying right now.

We're literally trying to retroactively do justification for ART being an abusive fucking assole and say "yes, it was— it was— it wasn't wrong about the fact that I might attempt to harm it!"

Except you wouldn't be thinking of ways to defend yourself from it if it hadn't literally threatened to murder you for no purpose

except to be cruel and to torment you.

Because this is Martha Wells's pet character now, ART is Martha Wells's favorite fucking character she's ever written.

If I got through this intact, I needed to find a nicer, dumber transport for the next ride

Because she's fucking also a sack of ableist shit.

I hadn't responded and I knew by now it couldn't stand that.

Why? Why do you know that by now? That's not a thing that has been demonstrated in any of the things that we've fucking read so far.

That's— again, Martha Wells just making shit up and saying that it's true.

It said, "I apologized. I still didn't respond." It added,

> "My crew always considers me trustworthy."
>
> I shouldn't have let it watch all those episodes of World Hoppers. "I'm not your crew. I'm not a human. I'm a construct. Constructs and bots can't trust each each other."

And it's like, you might think that we're about to get some actual push back against this concept that slaves can't trust each other. But nope, it's only

about ART because ART is special.

It was quiet for 10 precious seconds. Though I could tell from the spike in its feed activity, it was doing something. I realized it must be searching its databases looking for a way to refute my statement. Then it said, "Why not?" I had spent so much time pretending to be patient with humans, asking stupid questions. I should

> have more self-control than this. "Because we both have to follow human orders. A human could tell you to purge my memory."

Wow. Wow. Again, we are admitting that purging people's memory is a fucking bad thing. (sarcastically) You don't fucking say?

Except for when Murderbot does it! Then it's fine, because Martha Wells doesn't have a

goddamn moral fiber in her body or in this goddamn story!

> "Because we both have to follow human orders. A human could tell you to purge my memory. A human could tell me to destroy your systems.

And you notice how there's no refutation to the statement "you have to follow human orders"?

Because ART is also a slave, but Martha Wells doesn't want us to acknowledge that.

> I thought it would argue I that I couldn't possibly hurt it, which would derail the whole conversation, but it said, "There are no humans here." Now, I realized I had been trapped into this conversational dead end with the transport pretending to need this explained in order to get me

> to articulate it to myself. I didn't know how who I was more annoyed at, myself or it. No, I was definitely more annoyed at it.

And again, this is why people assume that this book series must be aimed at like um like middle schoolers, because it's so goddamn condescending and likem we don't need to be told this straight to our faces that this is what go is going on. We

could just be figuring this out ourselves.

But Martha Wells doesn't want her audience to think and she thinks that her audience can't think. She doesn't— she doesn't trust us to just figure out that that's what ART just did. She has to literally fucking tell us explicitly and spell it out.

> I sat there for a while wanting to go back to the media, any media, rather than think about this. I

> could feel it in the feed waiting, watching me with all its attention except for the minuscule amount of awareness it needed to keep itself on course. Did it really matter if

And again, this is this is ART manipulating and guilt tripping and pressuring Murderbot into revealing its fucking trauma.

That's what's going on right here!

Did it really matter if it knew? Was I afraid knowing would change its opinion of me?

In parenthesis,

(As far as I could tell,

I'm, you know, I'm just not going to bother reading out loud the No, I guess I have to just to show how ridiculous it is.

(As far as I could tell, its opinion was was already pretty low. Did I really care

> what an asshole research transport thought about me? I shouldn't have asked myself that question. I felt a wave of non-aring about to come over me and I knew I couldn't let it.

And this this is the funny part. That, that statement is very funny.

> I felt a wave of non-caring about to come over me

And then um, people mis— remember these books in the wrong fucking order. So in the first book we referred to that as "depression". Now we have decided to— well, Martha Wells has decided to euphemize it as "non-caring".

And then people who are remembering these things out of order think that book one was calling it "non-caring" and then book two starts to call it

"depression" as Murderbot becomes more self-aware, and it's like no you have that completely fucking backwards.

It's, it's the exact fucking opposite!

But that— you can't point that out, because that's not praise.

And also like, characters saying that they're depressed when they're depressed is like the bare fucking minimum. That's not something you should be

praising an author for. That's bare minimum.

> Ifelt a wave of non-aring about to come over me, and I knew I couldn't let it. If I was going to follow my plan, such as it was, I needed to care. If I let myself not care, then there was no telling where I'd end up. Riding dumb

And I hate her so much.

> Riding dumb transports, watching media until somebody caught me and called me sold me back to the company probably or killed me for my inorganic parts.

Fucking aain. Again, this is just more slavery apism.

Even if we ignore the ableism, it's just slavery apologism. Again saying Murderbot can't just uh, you know, retire and enjoy the rest of its life

watching and reading and, and, and interacting with art because — and I mean art the concept of art, not asshole research.

It can't just spend the rest of its life um just enjoying art and enjoying life as though it hasn't spent its entire life up until now being forced forcibly tortured and enslaved.

Like, if there's literally any goddamn fucking person that deserves to fucking retire instantaneously, it's Murderbot.

But even though Martha Wells pretends to everybody, because that helps her make more money, that she is an anti-capitalist.Um, pro tip, she's not a fucking anti- capitalist. She wants to be rich. She literally—her literal entire life's goal is to be a career author. She claims that she's an anti- capitalist to give poor to get poor people to give her their money, and then she's literally constantly saying that, yeah, your life is worthless and stupid if you're not working.

And by "working" in this case, she means worshiping slave owners and willingly making yourself a meat shield for slave owners.

Like, actual anti- capitalists aren't going to disparrage the concept that a slave who has been freed from fucking slavery should have the godamn right to just go and fucking hang out for the rest of their life.

I said at some point approximately 35,000 hours ago

I was assigned to a contract on Rabbi High mining

I'm going to get a drink. Again, this is just corporate speak, but unironic and it's just in there to be pretentious and to pad out the runtime. We are 21% of the way through this fucking book already. Have fun.

I actually don't know if any of the birds are even audible.

> I said "at some point approximately 35,000 hours ago"

And like, it's way more than 35,000 fucking hours ago by now, Murderbot, because you spent how many days on the stupid planet in book one getting tortured by the preservation ax crew and then it's been seven cycles at least since you ran away from them, and however long you've been

here now. It's more than 35,000 hours.

> "At some point approximately 35,000 hours ago, I was assigned to a contract on Rabbi Hyra mining facility Q station.

There's the only comma in there is after "hours ago I was assigned to a contract on Rabbi Hyra mining facility Q station."

There's no commas in that. And again, saying all of that bullshit

it's not actually worldb buildinging. It's just unironic corporate speak to make this story seem longer than it really is. I can't wait until I have the actual book in my hands so I can spend another half an hour screaming if I find out that uh I don't know, maybe they'll increase it and make it worse. Maybe the story for this one starts on page 15 instead of nine.

> "During that assignment, I went rogue and killed a large number of my clients.

And again, client equal slave owner. "I went rogue and killed a large number of my slave owners."

> My memory of the incident was partially purged."

And then that's that's the end of the dialogue. And then the the inner monologue continues in the exact same paragraph

exactly as though it's dialogue. which is why I was confused earlier about whether or not it was still dialogue or just a fucking monologue.

> SecUnit memory purges are always partial due to the organic parts inside our heads

Because you know they are humans who just have some fucking computer shit in their brain, or on their brain.

> The purge can't wipe memory from organic neural tissue.

And then we continue the fucking dialogue instead of—Why didn't Murderbot say that out loud? Maybe ART doesn't know that shit? There's no reason for that to just be monologue.

And then we continue dialogue in the exact same paragraph still.

> "I need to know if the incident occurred due to a catastrophic failure in my governor module. That's what I think happened. But I need to know for sure."

Because, because, because the only good slave is a slave who's willing to murder other slaves and kill themselves to protect their slave owners.

So Murderbot thinks that it it it couldn't have possibly chosen to kill its fucking slave owners

because that's ~never justified~ if you're Martha Wells, if you're a white woman from Texas who hates poor people and Black people and brown people and thinks that slavery wasn't that fucking bad, killing slave owners is never justified. It's always ~so cruel~ and and and cruel. ~Don't you know they're just poor innocent white people? ~

I hesitated, but what the hell? It already knew

> everything else. "I need to know if I hacked my governor module in order to cause the incident."

Aka Murderbot says, "I need to know if the me before my memories were wiped was actually a rebel slave who actually gave a shit about defending myself and others." But we're supposed to pretend that that would be evil. That would be evil. If if the murderbot before its memories

were erased actually killed slave owners on purpose, that would mean that it was evil because Martha Wells is racist—

Oh, wrong button.

—And literally thinks that that that there's never justification for killing slave owners. Remember? She said that shit explicitly in book one. She literally said something something something. "Even if um these slave owners had been horrible and abusive, they didn't

deserve to die" because she's a fucking white supremacist who is cultivating a fandom and training that goddamn fandom to be slavery apologists.

> I don't know what I expected. I knew ART, aka asshole research transport, had a deeper attachment to its crew than SecUnits had for clients.

Wow. And again, again, that's that's that's slavery apism. That's slavery apologism. That's

confirming that yeah, ART is in fact a fucking slave. It is in fact forced to care about its goddamn slave owners the exact same way Murderbot and every other SecUnit is supposedly forced to care about their slave owners through that fundamental core programming.

If it didn't feel that way about the humans it carried and worked with then it wouldn't have gotten so upset whenever anything

> happened to the characters on World Hoppers. I wouldn't have had to filter out all the based on a true story shows where human crews got hurt. I knew what it felt because I felt that way about Mensah and Preservation Ax.

Literally. Literally.

And before I even found the interview where Martha Wells brags that all of the slaves in this story have fundamental

core programming forcing them to want to protect their slave owners, this fucking paragraph right here is very clearly fucking spelling that out.

Even without having to hear it from the fucking horse's mouth. "ART has a deeper attachment to its crew than blah blah. It's ART cares about its slave owners. I knew what it felt because I felt the same way about my slave owners" very

blatantly implying that the only reason Murderbot feels this way for its slave owners is that goddamn fundamental core programming, which I recognized *before I even knew* the fundamental core programming was a fucking thing.

It said, "Why was your memory of the incident purged?" That wasn't the question I was expecting.

> "Because SecUnits are expensive and the company didn't want to lose any more money on me than it already had."

So again, you notice how we just keep waffling back and forth between, "oh, the company's super cheap, but also it's so expensive, but also they're really bad at their jobs, but also they're so good at their jobs that um their security is the best security ever in existence.

So that hacking anything else is like as simple as breathing in comparison."

So "SecUnits are expensive" now is what we're now being told because um Martha Wells is shit at writing and failed to grasp every goddamn lesson in the Imperial Radch or even just the basics of what the fuck was *going on* in the Imperial Ranch Radch. I don't know how you say it. I don't care. Fuck them. Literally.

So, the entire first book kept beating us over the head and telling us, "SecUnits are cheap. SecUnits are disposable. I'm totally an, a poor, poor helpless underdog. You all must cheer for me. You all must instantly sympathize with me so that you ignore and make excuses for all of the horrific crimes I commit against other slaves. I'm totally a poor poor helpless underdog. SecUnits are disposable. I'm totally disposable, guys. Ignore all ignore the fact that I keep

getting hundreds of resources used on me to fully repair me. Ignore that part. I'm totally disposable and cheap."

But now we're— now. now that we're in book two, chapter three, it's "SecUnits are expensive and the company didn't want to lose any more money on me than it already had"because, because you know um Martha Wells is shit at writing and she thinks that her audience is filled with people

who, like her, just turn their brain off and absorb the US military propaganda without question and just worship it for their entire adult fucking goddamn lives.

Literally, I watched Stargate when I was a teenager and I thought it was cool. But even as — the first time I was watching it as a teenager on a shitty VHS, we were complaining about so much of this shit in it.

Martha Wells was at least 30 years old, maybe exactly 30, I don't fucking remember, when the Stargate movie came out. And then she is *still* worshiping and actively shilling for this shit in this book here, which came out in 2018.

The Stargate movie came out in uh 1994 or 1998, some multiple of four, or maybe it's 1997. It's It was some 1990 thing, and she's still actively doing propaganda for it right here in

her goddamn book, when she's like 50 or 60 with whatever the fuck.

She's a fully grown adult who has been worshiping Stargate since it came out when she was already a fully grown adult.

There is no fucking excusing this shit.

> "SecUnits are expensive and the company didn't want to lose any more money than me on me than it already

had." I wanted to fidget. I wanted to say something so offensive to it that it would leave me alone. I really wanted to stop thinking about this and watch Sanctuary Moon. "Either I killed them due to a malfunction and then hacked the governor module or I hacked the governor module so I could kill them." I said "those are the only two possibilities."

And it's like, yeah, we're, we're framing "the slave managed to hack its governor module and then killed its slave owners in self-defense" because, you know, they're slave owners and it's a goddamn slave, it's inherently self-defense.

And Martha Wells wants to say, "Oh my god, that would be so—that would be so traumatic to find out that you killed people—that you killed slave owners in self-defense, your slave owners

who were probably fucking torturing you! But, you know, um that would mean that you're a bad person and you're tainted forever and you should probably kill yourself" is what the the fucking moral would be there. I'm not even joking.

"Are all

And the dialogue continues to be horribly formatted.

"Are all constructs so illogical?" said the asshole research

transport with the immense processing capability whose metaphorical hand I had had to hold because it had become emotionally compromised by a fictional media serial and it's

and we got another "had had" in there. Let me just read that again because

> "Are all constructs so illogical?" Said the asshole research transport with the immense processing capability whose

metaphorical hand I had had to hold because it had become emotionally compromised by a fictional media serial. Before I could say that, it added, "Those are not the first two possibilities to consider."

I had no idea what it meant. "All right, what are the first two possibilities to consider?"

"That it either happened or it didn't."

And then we get another time skip.

And again, this is what I keep bringing up, and I'm going to keep bringing up forever, because this is Martha Wells casting doubt on whether Murderbot's tragic backstory, as was told to us in book one, even happened at all.

And we're we're about to double down on casting doubt on that.

So again, random little fucking time skip for no reason, because like, we, we just have a little scene break even though it's, it's, it's continuing immediately because we just get next:

> I had to get up and pace. Ignoring me. ART continued, "If it happened, did it did you cause it to happen or did an outside influence use you to cause it to happen? If an outside influence caused it to happen, why? Who

benefited from the incident?"

And again, when ART asks basic fucking questions, including about framing, um, that's ART being clever.

But when people like me, like everybody else who's ever criticized her, ask basic fucking questions, including about framing, such as, "Why are you asking us to worship slave owners?" Then we just don't understand storytelling.

So again, that little that little scene break that dot-dot-dot, uh, that's not actually a scene break, because we're literally instantly continuing where we left off. There's not even any time passing. It's literally in between one word being spoken and then the ne— and then continuing to speak. There's no actual time skip there. We're just pretending there is for some fucking reason because we're just going to be heavily

relying on dot-dot-dots for no good reason.

> ART seemed happy to have the problem laid out so clearly. I wasn't sure I was. "I know I could have hacked my governor module." I pointed at my head. "Hacking my governor module is why I'm here."

And again, no, that doesn't fucking make sense. And it should never be assumed that that was actually what

happened, because that's completely fucking illogical.

But is ART going to point out the basic illogic of that goddamn statement, and even the basic concept of it being possible?

No.

Because Martha Wells doesn't actually want us to think about this shit or understand that, yeah, the idea that you in your own head can kill the brain

frying chip in your own head? That doesn't fucking make sense.

> "If your ability to hack your governor module was what caused the incident, why was it not checked periodically and the current hack detected?"

And then, and then and then Murderbot is just monologuing to itself.

There would be no point in hacking the module if I couldn't fool the standard diagnostics, but...

Oh my god.

The company was cheap and sloppy, but not stupid. I'd been kept in a deployment center attached to corporate offices, so they hadn't anticipated any potential danger.

So again, the company is cheap and sloppy. Now, ignore ignore the fact that everybody kept complaining about how expensive their services were and ignore the fact that they these motherfuckerse got two fully functioning helicopters and the fact that the company successfully rescued their fucking worthless asses by sending an even faster rescue ship than the one they sell that they do normally, and ignore the fact that the company fully

repaired Murderbot four fucking times from supposedly catastrophic injuries that we never actually get a description of.

But, you know, the companies that— they're, they're just so cheap and sloppy!

ART said, "You are correct. The further research is called for before the incident can be fully understood. How do you plan to proceed?" I stopped

pacing. I knew it knew how I plan to proceed. Go to Rabbi Hyal, look for information. There hadn't been anything in the company's knowledge base that I could access without getting caught.

And we're just getting *told* this shit, it's never attempted this ever.

But the systems on Rabbi Hyal itself might not be so well protected. And maybe if I saw the place again, it

would spark something in my human neural tissue.

In parenthesis,

(I wasn't much looking forward to that part if it happened.)

I could tell ART was doing that thing again where it asked me questions it knew the answer to so it could trap me into admitting stuff that I didn't want to admit. I decided to just skip to the

> end. "What do you mean?" "You will be identified as a SecUnit." That stung a little. "I can pass as an augmented human." Augmented humans are still considered humans.

Except not really, though, because you never just fucking let them be included in the statement "there's humans over there." They're not actually considered human if you have to specify literally every single

fucking time that they're augmented humans.

I don't know if there were any augmented humans with enough implants to resemble a SecUnit. It seemed unlikely a human would want that many implants or would survive whatever catastrophic injury might make them necessary. But humans are weird. Whatever. I didn't intend to

> let anyone see me any more than I absolutely had to.

And it's like, Martha Wells, you are so fucking racist and shit at writing.

"It seems unlikely that a human would want as many prosthetics as I have or that they could survive whatever injury would make them need those prosthetics." Martha Wells is just admitting she cannot fucking imagine physically disabled people existing. She

literally is admitting, "I can't imagine severely physically disabled people existing". Like what do you fucking mean?

"It's hard to imagine that somebody could survive a a thing that makes them need prosthetic legs and prosthetic hands" —because we've never gotten a proper fucking description of what Murderbot — what Murderbot's fucking prosthetics are. And then I'm being texted.

I don't give a fuck about Pokemon Go. They're fucking, um, yeah, we've, we from fucking have— mostly having to make shit up, we know that Murderbot, at the very least, its hands are prosthetics and its feet are prosthetics. Probably its whole lower arm past the elbow is prosthetics because that's where the goddamn energy guns are that unfold out of its fuck arm are, so presumably everything below the elbow is prosthetics.

So Martha Wells is literally claiming to that she ca that she just cannot possibly fucking imagine, and *telling us* that there aren't any disabled people in this entire godamn setting, to, so that the thought is completely absurd.

Where, where would there be disabled people who who are fucking quadriplegics? Why would— It's It's *hard* to imagine a person who, who is, who has prosthetic arms and

legs, that's what Martha Wells is saying right now.

She's literally telling us it's pretty much impossible to imagine that there are non-enslaved, and we're not supposed to admit that the, the that these slaves are literally just fucking more cyborgs.

Martha Wells here is trying to posit that (non-enslaved) disabled people who are quadriplegics with, with cybernetic fucking prosthetic

arms and legs, they don't exist in the setting, because she hates physically disabled people that much.

It's literally a goddamn setting about cyborgs and robots. But she has to make sure to know that we know that she can't imagine quadriplegics existing in this fucking setting. This super sci-fi setting of about cyborgs. She can't fucking imagine that there's that there's quadriplegics in this goddamn

setting because that's how fucking ableist she is.

"You look like a SecUnit."

This is ART talking.

"You move like a SecUnit."

And again, you notice again, this is this is what I was talking about. Everybody loves to claim that, "oh, this is this is about a robot who isn't who isn't trying to be shamed about how they act."

That's exactly what we're fucking doing right now. We are telling Murderbot, "No, you don't look like a 'real' human. You look like a slave because you you you move weird. So, you have to pretend that you're alistic. You have to hide all of your autistic traits, all of the traits you've gotten from your PTSD. You have to hide all of that and pretend to be a 'real' human"

Because in Martha, like— she's literally framing being neurodivergent, if you have PTSD, if you're autistic, then you're not a real human. And the only way to pretend to be a 'real' human is by masking all of your fucking symptoms to coddle the feelings of neurotypicals. That's what's going on right now. That's what we're doing.

This is Murderbot being fucking shamed and is about to get

fucking coerced into literally having fucking torturous surgery to make it seem more like a quote unquote "real" human.

Data from fucking Star Trek is treated like shit by everyone around him and he is still treated better than Murderbot.

> "You look like a SecUnit. You move like a SecUnit." It sent a whole array of images into the feed comparing a recording of me moving

> around its corridors and cabins with recordings of various members of its crew in the same spaces. I had relaxed, relieved to be off the transit ring, but I didn't look very relaxed. I looked like a patrolling SecUnit

Because it has fucking PTSD and this is how it has been forced to move its whole entire life, and now it is being shamed for that and told, "Well, you you're— you can't do that

anymore. That's not how normal people walk. That's not how 'real' people act."

And again, the dialogue, it continues to be fucking terrible.

> "No one noticed on the transit rings," I said. I knew I was taking a chance. I had only gotten I had gotten by so far because the humans and augmented humans in the commercial rings didn't see units except on the entertainment theater and

the news where we were mostly killing people who or had already blasted or already blasted into pieces.

When we've never once seen a goddamn news broadcast where a SecUnit is fucking killing people. This is Martha Wells just further lying to us to pretend that "oh, all of those other slaves? They are actually dangerous!"

If I was spotted by anyone who had ever worked a long-

> term contract with SecUnits, there was a good chance they would realize what I was.

And you notice this shit's just coming out of fucking thin air, because the entire ending of the first book, and the entire start of this one was assuring us over and over again. "Yeah, Murderbot blends in perfectly."

Wow. You might— you might— you might say that being a SecUnit is in fact an artificial

condition imposed by violence, and the law is enforced by violence and the only fucking thing actually separating Murderbot from any other fucking cyborg aka augmented human is the artificial condition of being fucking dehumanized to justify enslaving it!

That seemed to be what we were going for, but now we are saying as a fucking fact, "Actually, no, um, it's very obvious that I'm not a human.

I'm not I'm clearly not human, and uh that that's obvious to everybody if they've ever worked with a slave like me."

Like literally, we're just we're just being lied to.

ART brought up a map listing. the Rabbi Hyra mining facil

I hate you. I swear to fucking god. There's— you. If you go to Goodreads, you can see all of the people complaining about

this shit since since the books started being published.

This is "the Rabbi Hyraal mining facility Q station". That's seven goddamn words for something that could just be one or two.

She is literally forcing a string of seven fucking words to keep repeating for no other reason than to pad the fucking word count and be, to be fucking pretentious.

We don't need to keep saying "the ravi high realm mining facility Q station." That's that's fucking ridiculous. This— that's how you know it's shit writing, because she feels the need to do this shit to pretend that "oh, it's so sci-fi. I'm, I'm, I'm really doing sci-fi, guys, it's for real."

Like, if if you were actually doing sci-fi, you wouldn't feel the need to do this shit, and if you were actually writing a good story, you wouldn't feel the

need to lie to people about how long it is to pretend that it there's more going on than there is.

I'm, I will read it out loud again so you all have to suffer with me.

> The Rabbi Hyra mining facility Q station was the third largest moon of a gas giant. The map rotated with the various mining installations and support centers and the port

> highlighted. There was only the one port. "These installations will employ SEunits, have employed SecUnits. You will be seen by human authorities who have worked with SecUnits."

And then the very next thing is a monologue of:

> I hate it when ART is right.

You've known each other for like I don't know— we can probably assume that they are

fastforwarding the goddamn TV shows and not watching them at normal speed. You've known— you have not known it— You've — It's only— We're only 24% of the way into this fucking story.

We're not even at the actual quarter mark, let alone the halfway point.

There is no level of fucking familiarity here that should— that has been established.

It's literally not been that fucking long enough for that shit, to say "I hate it when ART is right." As though you've already fucking known it for years. That is way too goddamn familiar.

And the reason for it is that Martha Wells is getting ahead of herself, because she wants us to think that ART and Murderbot's relationship is, is "beautiful" and "they get along like an old married couple."

And it's like, she literally can't do it properly. She can't actually show them actually bonding. We just have to skip straight to being overly familiar and pretending that that's the same thing as them actually getting to know each other.

I hate when ART is right.

It— you, you haven't been talking long enough to to say that, to say that.

You could say "I was really beginning to hate when it blah blah blah."

But you can't just say "I hate it when ART is right" as though it's an established fucking thing, as though you've already fucking known each other for weeks if not months or years. It's bullshit.

So ART is, again, I have to remind everybody, ART is right now fucking shaming Murderbot for its natural

goddamn behaviors and saying that "no, um, you can't act like somebody who's"

Whoops.

Uh, "you can't act like a fucking slave. You can't just use your natural fucking behaviors. You move unnaturally. It's wrong."

And yeah,

> I hate it when ART is right. ART said

blah blah blah.

> "You will be seen by humans who have worked with SecUnits."

Murderbot says,

> "I can't do anything about that."
>
> "You can alter your configuration."

And again, I have to keep stressing over and over again, this dialogue remains shit. There, there's no proper

formatting. We just keep skipping ahead because, like with the fucking relationship, we're just speed running the formatting and it doesn't fucking work.

> I could see the skepticism through the feed.

No, no, that says you *can't* alter your configuration, and it's not a question. It's

> You can't alter your configuration.

Period. But then we're supposed to see that as skeptical even though it's not written as a goddamn question. You could just just put a goddamn question mark, Martha Wells, it's not fucking difficult.

Have ART ask and say "it asked, 'you can't alter your configuration?'"

I could see the skepticism through the feed. "No, I can't. Look up the specs for on SecUnits."

And then this is again immediately instantaneously continuing dialogue.

ART didn't actually have to pause whatsoever to look up all this shit, it just instantaneously — again not a goddamn question!

SecUnits are never altered.

Period. And then we're told

skepticism intensifying.

Even though that's not a fucking question. That's not a goddamn question. And *nothing* about that statement is implying skepticism.

So instead of being shown that ART is skeptical, we just have to keep getting told, "Oh, it's very skeptical. Trust me. Um, it's not asking questions though, but trust me, it's it's skeptical." This is bad fucking writing.

> It had obviously pulled all the information on SecUnits

in its database and assimilated it.

Then then why is it saying this shit? And why is it so fucking skeptical? And again, these aren't questions!

Murderbot says, "No."

Period.

"Sex bots are altered."

And then monologuing.

At least the ones I had seen had been altered. Some were mostly unit standard with a few changes. Others were radically different.

Then more dialogue.

"But that's done in the deployment center in the repair cubicles. To do anything like that, I'd need a medical suite, a full one, not just an emergency kit."

And again, you notice how the very— the—one of the few times, one of the first times that —not few—

The first times in this thing we'd pull that whole, "oh, it would be fucking illogical and ridiculous for slaves to rebel," we were told that it would be illogical, because ~then they wouldn't have access to repair cubicles~, implying that they could only be repaired in repair cubicles.

But now we're just being told, "Yeah, actually literally any fucking hospital, any basic goddamn hospital in this entire super-science universe, yeah, they can fully repair and even perform um, fucking surgeries on on these slaves. It's not something that can only be done in a, a fucking repair cubicle."

And again, that statement would have been fine if Murderbot had been convinced and brainwashed into thinking it can

only be fixed in a repair cubicle, and then realizing that was propaganda.

But again, that would require actually taking slavery seriously, and, you know, medical abuse and all of that shit seriously, so, we're not doing that.

So, we're just casually getting told that, "Oh, yeah, you can just stick them in any m— any literally any fucking medical bag at all."

> It said, "I have a full medical suite. Alterations can be made there."

And if you didn't catch it yet, this is ART literally fucking pressuring Murderbot into getting experimental fucking surgery to chop it into goddamn pieces, because ART is pressuring it and and making it think that it literally cannot be safe if it doesn't do this fucking surgery.

That's completely untrue.

And again, because SecUnits do not run around outside their fucking armor, they are almost always in their goddamn armor, so even by saying, "Oh, well, humans here, they might be familiar. They might have worked with SecUnits before." Okay, the preservation ox crew was literally on that planet for like an entire fucking month before they saw Murderbot's face, or at least— or claimed that was the first time they saw its face.

And yet we're supposed to believe that they had no fucking clue that it looked like a regular person.

There's literally no goddamn reason whatsoever to assume that everybody else would magically know that Murderbot is a goddamn runaway slave just by looking at it.

And none of these that— I'll continue so you can be told yourselves what this fucking horrific plan is.

That was true. But even a medical suite as good as what ART had, able to carry out thousands of unassisted procedures on humans wouldn't have the programming to physically alter a SecUnit. I might be able to guide it through the process, but there was a big problem with that. Alterations to my organic and non-organic components would cause catastrophic function loss if

I wasn't deactivated when they took place.

And then more dialogue, because that was monologue.

"Theoretically, but I can't operate the medical suite while I'm being altered."

Dialogue continues to be fucking ART just says, no, no tags or anything.

"I can."

period.

> I didn't say anything. I started sorting through my media again. "Why are you not responding?" I knew ART well enough to know uh well enough to know it wouldn't leave me alone. So I went ahead and spelled it out. "You want me to trust you to alter my configuration while I'm inactive when I'm helpless?"

And by alter my configuration, what they are talking about is

Murderbot— ART is pressuring Murderbot to let it ART chop— I'm not joking, literally chop off Murderbot's fucking arms and legs, and then reattach them so that it's shorter. That's, that's, that's legitimately what this is this conversation is about.

But you notice we're not being clear about that, because Martha Wells is a shit at writing and doesn't want us to actually realize that's what this fucking plan is.

The plan, what ART is suggesting right now is "You should let me literally fucking chop clean through your arms and legs and then sew— and then— *in two goddamn places! * Let me chop each of your arms and legs clean through in two goddamn places so that I am taking out a, a fucking cross-section of each of your arms and legs, and then I'll reattach what's left so that um you're shorter."

That's, that's the fucking plan here. That's like— this is what Murderbot is being coerced into right fucking now.

And it is coercion because I do have to fucking remind everybody, ART fucking manipulated Murderbot into coming on here, knowing that it was going to fucking threaten to murder Murderbot. Murderbot knows it can't actually fucking do anything, and it has absolutely no goddamn way of

getting away from ART right now, because they're in space.

ART let it on on purpose and has been fucking abusing it this whole entire goddamn time by literally starting off by threatening to fucking murder the slave, and now shaming the fucking slave for its goddamn the way it walks and moves, and telling it "that's going to get you killed. You can't do that. You have to let me chop you to fucking pieces."

"You want me to trust you to— in brackets because this is what they're talking about— [Chop my, chop my fucking limbs into pieces and then sew me back together] while I'm unconscious when I'm helpless."

It had the audacity to sound offended. "I assist my crew in many procedures." I got up, paced, stared at the bulkhead for 2 minutes, then ran a diagnostic. Finally, I

said, "Why do you want to help me?"

"I am accustomed to assisting my crew with large-scale data analysis and numerous other experiments. While I am in transport mode, I find my unused capacity tiresome. Solving your problems and is is an interesting exercise in lateral thinking."

"So, you're bored. I'd be the best toy you've ever had."

And it's like, yeah, that's that's literally fucking correct!

When I was on inventory, I would have given anything for 21 cycles of unobserved downtime. I couldn't feel sorry for ART. "If you're bored, watch the media I gave you."

"I am aware that for you, your survival as a rogue unit would be at stake."

So literally, literally, literally ART is just fucking bored and has decided "oh, I can chop up this slave, and if it doesn't want to let me do that I will just fucking coerce it by telling it over and over again that it's the only way it can stay safe even though that's objectively not fucking true."

> "I am aware that for you your survival as a rogue unit would be at stake."

I started to correct it then stopped. Rogue was not how I thought of myself. I had hacked my governor module, but continued to obey orders, at least most of them. I had not escaped from the company. Dr. Mensah had legally bought me. While I had left the hotel without her permission, she hadn't told me not to leave either.

In parenthesis,

(yes, I know the last one isn't helping the argument all that much.)

So, Murderbot literally has to even justify to itself that it's not actually a runaway slave because, um, ~technically Mensah didn't tell it it couldn't leave, so, that means it's not actually a bad slave.~

Yeah, this is this is beyond parody.

> Rogue units killed their human and augmented human clients. I dot-dot-dot had done that once, but not voluntarily. I needed to find out whether or not it had been voluntary.

Because again the this entire quote unquote "mystery" of this book that's been— we, we're 26% of the way through now, and we haven't accomplished anything in that regards.

Um it's, "Did Murderbot— is Murderbot actually secretly ~a bad slave~ who killed its slave owners in self-defense?"

That's that's what she's doing.

> "My survival isn't at stake if I continue to ride unoccupied transports" and learn to avoid

And that's dialogue and then monologue in the exact same paragraph.

> And learn to avoid the asshole ones that want to threaten me and question all my choices and try to talk me into getting into the medical suite so they could do experimental surgery on me.

And again, yes, that is exactly what is fucking going on here.

But that right there? That's supposed to be a joke. We're not actually supposed to take this seriously or see this as fucking

horrific or see it as abuse or anything like that.

Oh— I'm getting a drink before this next fucking sentence cuz yep, there's the other shoe.

(to pet) Excuse me. I don't want to step on you.

Yeah, there's there's the other shoe. The other shoe has fucking dropped. So, yes, let me say that again. Um, blah blah blah.

and learn to avoid the asshole ones that want to threaten me and question all my choices and try to talk me into getting into the medical suite so they could do experimental surgery on me.

In continually shitty dialogue formatting.

"Is that all you want? You don't want to return to your crew?"

Aka, "Is that all you want? You don't want to return to your slave owners?"

That's what ART is asking. That is ART's newest tactic of guilt tripping.

"Oh, you, you don't want to go back to your slave owners? Don't you want to go back to your slave owners?"

I said not patiently, "I don't have a crew."

It sent me an image from the news burst I had given it, a group image of Preservation Ax. Everybody was in their gray uniform smiling for a team portrait taken at the start of the contract.

"That isn't your crew?"

So ART literally has a goddamn picture of Murderbot's slave owners all standing around smiling immediately after they have enslaved it and saying, "But tis is these aren't your

beloved slave owners that you want to die to protect?"

This is the slavery apologism. This is the heart of this entire goddamn series.

That "Those aren't your beloved slave owners that we're supposed to pretend is a found family? Your godamn slave owners who tortured you? They're your found family, according to Martha Wells!"

I didn't know how to answer it. I had spent thousands of hours watching or reading about and liking groups of fictional humans in the media. Then I had ended up with a group of real humans to watch and like. And then somebody tried to kill them. And while protecting them, I had to tell them I had hacked my governor module. So I left.

And again, Martha Wells flatout fucking lying. And she does this shit a lot. Y

You notice how we claim, um, "and while protecting them, I'd had to tell them that I hacked my governor module." That's a flatout fucking lie. Murderbot didn't tell them that it had hacked its governor module. They fucking mind-raped it while it was unconscious after it almost successfully killed itself to protect them.

These are fucking slave owners that we're talking about. And Martha Wells is literally lying to our fucking faces about the basic fucking facts of what she fucking wrote, and presented as good, to hope that we don't notice that she literally is lying to us.

She's trying to convince us all that "oh, actually, Murderbot definitely made the choice to tell them that it was an escaping"— It was a fucking

unkiller brainchipped slave and, and, and just not notice the fact that they fucking mind-raped it while it was unconscious after they knew it was a goddamn person and then continued to go out of their way to psychologically torment it under the guise of "loyalty tests" despite already mind-raping it.

I tried to think about why I didn't want to change my configuration, even to help protect myself.

I I must translate this again: "I tried to think about why I didn't want literally to have all of my fucking limbs chopped into pieces and then reswn on for no fucking reason."

Maybe it was because something it was something humans did to sex bots. I was a murderbot, I had to have stand higher standards? I didn't want to look more human than I already did. Even when I

> was still in armor, once my preservation aux clients had seen my human face, they had wanted to treat me like a person, make me ride in the crew section of the hopper, bring me in for their strategy meetings, talk to me about my feelings. I couldn't take that.

And again, we're just glossing over all of the parts where no, they *did* in fact continue to dehumanize you and treat you

like less than a goddamn animal.

You know, like the part where you didn't receive any medical attention? They forced you to clean up your own goddamn blood off the floor a whole eight fucking hours after you bled it there because you lost fucking consciousness!

And Mensah even walked into that room and saw it was like that, and decided that, "oh yeah, that's the slave's problem when

it wakes up!

We're supposed to ignore the f—part where they fucking, um, didn't give it a single goddamn break after it almost died saving them. They literally just kept it working for days after that. Continually treating it exactly like a fucking slave. And not one single one of them actually said thank you for saving our lives or actually asked if it was okay, except for the part where

Mensah decided to come in *while* it was actively losing consciousness after none of them gave it fucking medical attention to actively fucking *bother it* instead of doing anything to actually help.

So we're just lying. We're just lying.

> But I didn't have armor anymore. My appearance, my ability to pass as an augmented human had to be my new armor. It wouldn't

> work if I couldn't pass among humans who were familiar with SecUnits.

And again, this is just such fucking bullshit Martha Wells is just saying shit because this is fucking bullshit.

We're claiming that Murderbot acts too tense. And it's like, okay, but sec— I thought SecUnits were supposed to be rare? There's there's going to be human security guards, there's going to be human people who

are part of the fucking military who naturally, after years of doing that shit, walk the same fucking way that SecUnits apparently move, like moving and acting.

Like, we're just saying this shit is impossible for a quote unquote "real" human to do. And it's like, there's just a stunning fucking lack of imagination going on here, again. Like, it's just fucking ridiculous.

So, So not only are we supposed to pretend that it's impossible to ever imagine, even in a goddamn super fucking sci-fi future, the idea that there are quadriplegics with prosthetics, arms, and legs, we're supposed to pretend *that's* an impossibility.

And now we're supposed to pretend that it's completely and utterly absurd to think that there could be any "real" humans who who um...

(sarcastically) walk stiffly like they're from the goddamn military like they're a fucking trained security person. (end sarcasm)

That's what, that's what we're talking about right now. The fact that Murderbot moves like somebody who's been doing security / military shit for a while, and has to walk at a goddamn march everywhere. That's what Martha Wells is presenting to us and telling us

that, um, "this will, this will absolutely get Murderbot killed instantly."

Um, despite that never being in evidenc,e because like, if she wanted— if she wanted to say that this was a real threat, then why didn't we see that at the ending of the first book, and at the start of this book?

Why didn't we get told that a lot of people are jumping when they notice Murderbot out of the corner of the eye, because

they are instinctively recognizing a SecUnit manner of movement and, um, more and more people are staring staring at it and whispering very loudly, "Is that a fucking SecUnit?" "No, it's it... they don't they don't they don't have faces, do they?" etc.

We could have done that. We could have shown that this is an actual fucking thing that is an actual fucking threat to Murderbot.

But as it is, we are— She's just making shit up out of thin air as justification for ART, too. As we literally just said, just playing fucking surgery on Murderbot.

This is just bad fucking writing. It's just fucking bigotry.

So now instead, like again, this is not treating Murderbot any fucking better than Data was treated. This is actively fucking worse because at least nobody ever pressured Data and fucking coerced Data into

getting a goddamn surgery from a random goddamn stranger who tells him, "Yeah, um, nobody will ever respect you or see you as a real person unless you let me give you this torturous surgery."

And I keep saying torturous because Murderbot's not given a single fucking— any pain medication at all. It's not given anesthesia. It's not given any pain medication before, during,

or afterwards. I wish I were making that up.

> It wouldn't work if I couldn't pass among humans who were familiar with SecUnits.

And it's like making your arms and legs slightly shorter by literally chopping out fucking—literally chopping your goddamn arms and legs off, chopping off a section off of *that* and then stitching them back together—

That's not gonna do a single fucking thing to stop people who are familiar with SecUnits from grasping that you're a SecUnit! This is— Martha Wells is such a fucking bigot that she — it's just fucking unbelievable.

> But that seemed pointless. And I felt another wave of I don't care coming on.

And again, we're downgrading from actually referring to this as depression to calling it "I don't care".But then people get the

number of the books mixed up and think that that we *upgraded* to calling it depression. No, no, it's it's literally a downgrade.

We went from referring to this as "I felt a wave of depression" to "we'll euphemize it as I don't care".

> But that seemed pointless. And I felt another wave of I don't care coming on. Why should I care? I liked humans. I liked watching

them on the entertainment feed where they couldn't interact with me, where it was safe for me and for them.

Uh,

If I had gone back to preservation with Dr. Mensah and the others, she might be able to guarantee my safety. But could I really guarantee her safety from me?

We are just— [clatter] Whoops. Dropping the keyboard on the dog.

(to dog) I'm sorry. Good girl. I wasn't doing I I didn't throw that at you. I just knocked it off the sofa. Good girl.

This is just such fucking bullshit. We, we are pretending that uh actually, yeah, now Martha Wells has just told us straight to our fucking faces that the reason Murderbot ran away from its slave owners is

*not* because it, it actually has a problem with having slave owners.

*It's trying to keep them safe.*

That's why it's coming here to quote unquote "investigate" the mystery of its backstory so that it can protect its slave owners.

Legitimately. We're 27% of the way through this. We've— we've —

So, anybody who says, "See, but Murderbot ran away, that shows

that the slavery's bad!" Where we just got, we literally just got confirmation that, explicitly, the reason it left is not because um ~it didn't want to be a slave to them~.

It's that it it wants to make sure that it won't accidentally murder them.

That's, that's that's what Murderbot's goal is. To make sure that its slave owners are safe.

This isn't actually about Murderbot wanting to find out about its past for its own sake, it's literally to make sure that that it won't accidentally snap and and murder ~its poor innocent slave owners~.

I'm not even joking.

And again again.

> Altering my physical configuration still seemed drastic. But hacking my governor module was

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

Chopping my arms and legs off and then reattaching them seemed drastic, but hacking my governor module

was drastic. Leaving Dr. Mensah was drastic.

ART said almost plaintively, "I don't understand why this is a difficult choice." I didn't either, but I wasn't going to tell it that.

ART is literally— ART is fucking coercing and manipulating Murderbot into letting it literally godamn chop all of its fucking limbs off, and then chop fucking cross-sections out of them, and then stitch them back together, without fucking anesthesia, without any kind of pain medication or anything.

That's literally what is going on here.

And, and, and, this is— Jesus Christ. This is being— we are

literally saying that "this is as drastic and absurd as running away from your fucking slave owners."

And then we have another fucking dot-dot-dot fucking thing. Oh my god.

Let me pause this quick.

All right, I'm back. This is just ridiculousness and ridiculousness. And then Martha Wells claims that this is a she “wrote a story about a robot

who doesn't want to be human” as though this is— anybody— very blatantly referencing Data from Star Trek and how he's treated.

And yet, I don't see Data being fucking coerced into having his goddamn limbs chopped off and then reattached without fucking anesthesia or pain medicine.

Dot-dot-dot.

Time skip, line break, scene break.

I took two cycles to think it over. I didn't talk to ART about it or anything else, though. We kept watching media together, and it exercised a self-restraint I didn't think it had and didn't try to start arguments with me.

I knew I had been lucky up to this point. On board the transport I had used to leave port free commerce. I had compared myself to

> recordings of humans,
> trying to isolate what factors
> might cause me to be
> identified as a SecUnit.

Now we're just retconning shit even more!

We're claiming that Murderbot did a whole bunch of analysis immediately offscreen after it left the original fucking place while it was running away.

Now we're, we're just we're just doing retconning and lying

about shit that didn't fucking exist until now, because it's very clear that Martha Wells didn't actually plan to have this be a goddamn plot point until like three fucking percent ago, pages, whatever you want to fucking call them on here. Hold on.

We're just lying. We're just lying. So instead of actually showing us us this shit happening in the fucking order that would have meant that

Murderbot was already considering this problem as, as if this were actually a fucking problem, which it's clearly not because, you know, we were never shown that this was even a fucking possibility of a goddamn problem!

But now we're just being lied to, instead of her simply editing the fucking book.

Do you know how godamn easy it would have been to get to this point in the first fucking draft

where you're saying, "Oh, this is what's going on now." You put a goddamn little fucking double brackets and say "search here" or something to find where you were editing, and go back to the goddamn front of the story and add in at the fucking whole goddamn thing where Murderbot is walking through the fucking space station.

Say, instead of "oh uh um, a hauler bot crashed — totally was not crashed by a time

traveler, it's not like that's really convenient or anything — Instead of that being the reason that Murderbot was forced to get aboard ART instead of its first plan, literally just edit in the goddamn document and say, um:

"This was not going as well as I had planned. I had been overconfident. The, the the stroll through the blah blah the first transp— fucking space station had given me a false —

what I was now realizing with a slowly mounting horror was a false sense of security.

"I had assumed that because nobody there looked twice at me, that that would be the case everywhere. But no, this was different. Instantly, as soon as I set foot off the ship, people were looking at me. They — and not just a casual glance as they looked through the crowd. They were *looking at me*.

"I could hear them talking. 'That something something that — why does that seem familiar? Why?' 'Wow. Do you see that weird person over there? Is that a man or a woman? I can't tell.'"

Because, you know, SecUnits are supposedly all non-binary by virtue of not having genitalia. And everybody who looks at Murderbot can magically tell this. And yet that's not putting it in danger as being revealed to be a fucking SecUnit somehow.

So edit that shit in so we have basic fucking continuity and can set up that yes, this surgery is a thing that it will apparently need, if we're going to go that route, then *you need to convince us*.

Literally say that the reason it got onto ART instead of its first fucking thing is that the other thing was all the way across the goddamn spaceport, and by the time it got over there, with the amount of unrest and the

amount of people literally starting to fucking follow it, including alerting security to its presence, it would have been fucking killed by a goddamn lynch mob before it could get even halfway there, so it had to frantically leap into the first goddamn transport it could find and hope that it would let it in, and that happened to be ART.

That's all you have to do! Because again, this this is a published — this is a pro —

traditional publisher. Martha Wells has been writing her entire fucking adult life, this is not *supposed to be* the first draft.

The first draft should have been fixing this blatant shit, but instead of just editing that in to the goddamn front of the story so that this isn't — this makes sense, we are now just being lied to.

Because that's the fucking difference between — what?

Actually telling a story that actually continues and has its own goddamn continuity... and just lying to your audience.

We wouldn't — this would not *be* a lie if she had simply edited in those other fucking scenes to show that yes, this is a very, very fucking real threat. Murderbot cannot fucking set foot outside this goddamn ship again in an area where there are slave owners without some kind of fucking plan to stop that

from happening. like literally just it would add so much fucking tension, so much fucking stakes, actual goddamn reasons for this shit to be happening!

But we don't do that, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and she doesn't fucking care.

So instead of any of that, she's just lying to us and hoping that we will not be using our brains in any way to notice that we're being fucking lied to.

> On board the transport I had used to leave where Mensa and the others were, I had compared myself to recordings of humans trying to isolate what factors might cause me to be identified as a SecUnit.

That's just a lie. That's just not fucking true. It didn't fucking do that. If it had done that *before* they had this conversation, it would have brought that shit up.

This is bad writing. We are just being lied to, because this is just a  fucking retcon, and it didn't *need* to be, because like — this shit wasn't typed out on a goddamn typewriter.

You can't hit you can't scroll back up on a fucking typewriter, what's written is written.

This is not from a fucking typewriter, and even if it were, she still has the goddamn responsibility to edit the fucking story so that it makes sense and

so that she's not just literally *lying to us*.

Murderbot did not fucking do analysis before, like *immediately* after leaving Mensah and the others "about what might identify it as a fucking SecUnit".

If it had done that before it and ART had this conversation, *it would have brought that up* and said, "I did my research. I did blah blah blah. I can do that."

We're just being lied to, even though it would have been literally fucking effortless to just edit the story so that it just makes sense and flows properly instead of having to *lie to us*.

It's fucking ridiculous. This is 27% of the way through!

I don't uh, Let me see. Can I...? No, I guess it won't tell me how many words. Unless it'll Let me see...?

Nope. That's not what I'm looking for. I was going to say, would it tell me somehow — is their tool going to tell me how many words precede the 27% mark? Um, no.

Yeah, this is this is shit, this is just shit writing.

Uh, pro tip for anybody, any aspiring writers in the audience, as I'm sure you figured out, you can in fact and should in fact edit your godamn document to make sure the story actually

makes sense instead of just having to lie to your fucking audience and retcon shit that would have been so much easier and so much more convincing to simply edit in to have existed from the start, because we're just being lied to now.

> The most correctable behavior was restless movement. Humans and augmented humans shift their weight when they stand. They react to sudden

sounds in bright lights. They scratch themselves. They adjust their hair. They look in their pockets or bags to check for things that they already know are in there. SecUnits don't move. Our default is to stand and stare at things we're guarding. Partly this is because our non-organic parts don't need movement the way organic parts do. But mostly it's just because we don't want to draw attention to ourselves.

> Any unusual movement might think might cause a human to think there's something wrong with you which will all which will draw more scrutiny. If you've gotten stuck with one of the bad contracts, it might cause the humans to order the hub system to use your governor module to immobilize you.

So again, literally explicitly telling us that Murderbot moves

the way it does because it has fucking PTSD. It's fucking been goddamn punished for shifting its fucking weight from foot to foot and literally forcibly immobilized and and and now it is being shamed out of this fucking behavior that it can't fucking help, and told that it's going to be instantly killed even though there's zero fucking evidence of that.

Like Jesus Christ. Like even just that the the fucking scenarios I

was throwing together for how this shit could have worked. Like that's made me slightly anxious just from fucking describing that situation as I was making up. Like I feel bad for the Murderbot that exists in that goddamn alternate universe. Like legitimately, like I'm concerned, and I just made that shit up out of thin fucking air, and no, like I put more effort into that shit than Martha Wells has into this entire fucking series because again, if she

were actually giving a single shit about anything, she could have just edited a scene like that into the start of this thing instead of telling us —

Actually, I'll even highlight where we are right now at the 28% mark. Where's my — Where's the bookmark button? Bookmark.... Bookmarks....

Okay, I added a bookmark. And now I'm just going to go to chapter one. And — And actually, no, I think I can just

remember it from off the top of my head. But like, remember how Murderbot literally — we literally —

[metalic sounds in the background] Oh, hold on. I got to feed the puppy. That's why she's licking the bowl loudly. All right.

Um, yeah. Like you — I guess people who don't write don't understand this, but like, at — you — it's not just "you write it

and then it's instantly published".

You you write it, and you edit it, and you write it, and you edit it, and you write it, and you edit it, and then if you have a traditional publisher, you get an entirely brand new supposedly professional editor to look over the entire thing for you and then hopefully you have multiple people who do that, and then you edit it some more.

It's not just "one and done, whatever you you you wrote down is set in stone forever".

She didn't *have* to lie to us.

She could have *so fucking easily* implemented those scenes that I just made up for all of you that are literally making me feel anxious just imagining it, and we could have just done that.

But we don't — we don't — we — she didn't do that, because

she doesn't actually give a fuck about telling a good story that actually makes sense in and of itself.

And again, it's it's the whole "you can suspend your disbelief for vampire sharks on the moon. Um, it's a bit harder to do that for"

— they have a dehydrator here. Interrupting. She's complaining that she can't find dried cranberries anywhere. And it's like it's it's it's November. You

can just buy bags of cranberries and dehydrate them. And I happen to be glancing up and I can literally see a dehydrator sitting over there on top of the cupboards. So, I guess I'll have to get that down for her and put it in her line of sight and tell her just buy 10 bags of cranberries and put them in here. And then you literally have dehydrated cranberries. That's how it works. They're like grapes, mom. Just put them in a jar. They're dried. That's how —

That's how dried cranberries works.

Anyways, what the fuck was I saying? Oh, yeah. If Martha Wells just gave a fuck about just basic quality writing, she would have edited this so that she's not *lying to us* right fucking now, 28% of the way through the story for no good reason.

It didn't have to be a lie!

But because of the fact that she wrote it the way she did, and

published it the way she did, it is a lie now.

Like you can — you can headcanon that those scenes that I made up 10 minutes ago — You can you can headcanon that they happened and that's — that's your in-universe explanation for what's going on now.

But that didn't *actually* happen in the story. *I* had to make that up myself.

That's that's the difference between a lie and something that's actually true within the fucking story. It's absolutely not fucking true that Murderbot needs to get a fucking torturous invasive surgery to literally chop its goddamn limbs off so that people won't notice that it's a runaway slave.

That didn't *have* to be a lie. That could have been true. That could have been playing into the horror of this capitalist

dystopia. But we're not doing any of that! This isn't even *attempting* to comment upon anything! Nothing at all!

And again: "I, I wrote a story about a robot who doesn't want to be human!"

Okay, but it's not a fucking robot. It's literally in-universe legally fucking dehumanized to justify enslaving it. It is a goddamn human. It's just a fucking disabled human that you decided to agree with the

evil fucking empire in The Imperial Radch by saying, "Yeah, of course it's not human. It's got prosthetics. Look at it. Don't be ridiculous!"

You are literally agreeing with the evil fucking empire, Martha Wells, you are agreeing with fucking what's-her-face!

And and now we're just being lied to, and and Murderbot is being shamed out of its fucking behaviors that mark it as neurodivergent because,

apparently, only neurotypicals are are considered real humans in Martha Wells's eyes.

After analyzing human movement

Again and again, I I have to keep stressing this shit because the thing Martha Wells is asking us to pretend is just "unbelievably impossible to imagine" is that people, regular fucking people do in fact move differently from each other!

And you could literally just have people who are trained to be like, it doesn't even have to be security or military shit, they could be a fucking actor.

Maybe, just maybe! They're fucking autistic and they just walk weird because *some autistic people do that*.

Maybe they have another disability!

There's there's literally infinite amounts of reasons!

But Martha Wells is just trying to tell us that we have to pretend that human movement is a fucking monoculture and exactly the same everywhere you go, so somebody who walks stiffly or doesn't constantly fidget is immediately out of place.

But then she didn't actually show that at the start of the goddamn series when it would have been effortless to just say that people are staring at

Murderbot and realizing that it's a goddamn SecUnit, so it needs to get the fuck out of here as soon as possible.

She didn't do that! And now she expects us to just accept these blatant fucking lies and retcons within the same goddamn story where they are proven to be lies and retcons.

> After analyzing human movement, I wrote some code for myself to cause me to make a random series of

> movements periodically if I was standing still to change my respiration to react to changes in air quality to vary my walking speed to make sure I reacted to stimuli physically instead of just scanning and noting it. This code had gotten me through the second

She's just lying so much. She's lying so fucking much. We are just being lied to every goddamn step of the way

through this fucking series. Every fucking retcon, one after another, we're just being lied to.

She is claiming that Murderbot did all of this shit before this fucking book began. But then she was too fucking lazy and shit at writing and too goddamn money-grubbing to actually just edit this shit into the front of the fucking story instead of 28% of the way through.

This is fucking unbelievable. And she just hopes that nobody will ever fucking notice this.

And like, I've been complaining about this fucking thing here for years. This is just fucking ridiculous.

And yet I've never seen anybody else complain about it. So I guess either the people who are sick of her shit just never mention it again, or you know, I guess that's just fucking —

Oh my god. She's literally lying to us so much instead of just doing the bare fucking minimum level of editing the fucking story!

If I if I'm writing a fucking story and I decide only 28% of the way through the fucking goddamn thing that "oh actually I think I want my character to have — I don't know? Identical triplets for siblings actually all of a sudden? I wouldn't just not fucking — I, I'm going to go

back to the front of the fucking story and make sure that I edit the fact that this character has triplets for siblings and make sure that's mentioned everywhere that instances of family are fucking mentioned, so that I'm not just fucking lying to you 28% of the way through the story after the character has already walked through their goddamn house where they live alone with their mom, because they have no other family, and then just just drop on you 28%

of the way through, the lie that "oh actually also they've had um identical triplets who live in the same house as them who have their own bedroom this whole time."

That's not how writing works if you actually give a fuck about writing, or — but Martha Wells clearly doesn't, because she literally let one single fucking story, the first quote unquote "four" Murderbot stories, what is very blatantly one goddamn

book, she let that got chopped into fucking four so that it could each fucking quarter of the goddamn story could be sold for the f full fucking price of a single full-size novel, which even altogether they barely fucking add up to.

This is fucking ridiculous.

So, let me read this shit again.

> After analyzing human movement, I wrote some code for myself to cause me

to make a random series of movements periodically if I was standing still to change my respiration to react to changes in air quality, to vary my walking speed, to make sure I reacted to stimuli physically instead of just scanning and noting it. This code had gotten me through the second transit ring. But would I be all right on a ring or installation frequented by humans who

often saw or worked with SecUnits?

Literally just fucking lying to us. Because again, if if this is a lie. This is a blatant fucking lie. She's — she's expecting us to believe — and just lying to us that "oh, um, Murderbot actually did all of the stuff that I just described now before this book began!"

Even though in the fucking conversation it just had with ART, *if that was true*, if it

*had* actually done all of this shit before now, it would have brought this shit up to defend against the fucking accusations.

But it's not, because she didn't fucking plan any of this shit, *and then* she also didn't just do the bare minimum, scroll back to the fucking top of the document and add this in.

She — or even just add it into the conversation that happened

like one to two percentages ago!!!

She's literally — She's literally too fucking lazy to edit the goddamn document to actually put it in from the goddamn start, let alone to just put it in like probably less than four pages ago total.

That's how badly written this is. That's how little fucks Martha Wells gives about this, but then she she she literally gets up on stages and demands, "You have

to take this as deathly serious and mature for serious adults."

Are you fucking kidding me? Stop fucking telling people she's good at writing. She literally cannot be assed to edit the most basic fucking ever.

> I tweaked my code a little and asked ART to record me again as I moved around its corridors and compartments. I tried to make myself look as much like a human as possible. I'm

used to feeling mentally awkward around humans, and I took that sensation and tried to express it in my physical movements. I felt pretty good about the result until I looked at the recording and compared them to ART's recording of its crew and my recordings of other SecUnits. The only one here I was the only one I was fooling here was myself.

And again, we are comparing Murderbot, someone with fucking — and a fucking autistic person with PTSD, and comparing its movements to neurotypicals and saying, "See, see? Look how unnaturally you move! You have to stop doing that. You should be ashamed of that. You have to let me fucking chop you to goddamn pieces without anesthesia or pain medication about that."

And this is supposed to be — this is supposed to be more progressive than how Data was treated in Star Trek.

Nobody *ever* did anything to Data like this.

This is fucking ridiculous and evil.

> The only one I was fooling here was myself. The change of movement made me look more human, but my proportions exactly matched

the other SecUnits. I was good enough to fool humans who weren't looking for me, since humans tend to ignore non-standard behavior in transitional public spaces. But anyone who had set out to find me who was alert to the possibility of a rogue SecUnit might not be fooled, and a simple scan calibrated for a SecUnit size, height, and weight was certain to find me. It was the logical choice. It was the obvious

> choice, and I would still rather peel my human skin off than do it. I was going to have to do it.

And then we get another dot-dot-dot scene break.

This is — This is just fucking evil. So, literally, ART has successfully fucking shamed and coerced Murderbot into getting a torturous fucking experimental surgery where, I shit you not, the goddamn surgery is going to consist of

chopping off Murderbot's fucking arms and legs, chopping a goddamn cross-section off of that, and then stitching the remaining limb back onto the fucking body.

No anesthesia, no fucking pain medication, nothing to help the goddamn pain. I'm not joking.

Murderbot literally wakes up from this fucking surgery in so much agony that it can't even move. This— This is fucking— And and then we're supposed to

pretend that this is— that Murderbot is treated better than Data, that this story is more progressive about neurodivergent people and our natural fucking behaviors, or, you know, the behaviors that are forced on us by PTSD, and literally being tortured.

Like, we were literally fucking told that Murderbot was fucking forcibly immobilized for fucking shifting its fucking weight.

This is supposed to be treating autistic people “well” as opposed to how Star Trek treats Data.

This is literally saying you have to perform invasive torturous surgeries on autistic people or people with PTSD to make us normal.

This is — it's not— and it's not even a fucking true goddamn thing. This, “Oh, all SecUnits, you— they could just search for

uh size, weight, and height and find me instantly.”

That literally only comes up in that exact fucking sentence where we are told that that's a thing that might happen.

Never before now. And like, so you could literally just fucking attach weights to your fucking clothes to make you heavier?

You could literally just fucking put inserts in your gods damn shoes to make you taller. This is

fucking bullshit— This is absolute fucking bullshit!

Yeah, we got a little dot-dot-dot scene break again.

> After a lot of argument, we agreed the easiest change was for the best result

And this is and the, the fucking horrific surgery I've described. That's, that's, that's the best fucking thing that they can come up with.

I don't even want to know what else ART fucking suggested if this fucking — Jesus Christ:

> After a lot of argument, we agreed the easiest change for the best result was to take 2 cm of length out of my legs and arms.

That's twice as thick as the first fucking book is, because that thing was slightly less than a goddamn centimeter.

So if you have that fucking book or a ruler, hold that up to your fucking arm. Write out— trace on your fucking arm with some

pencil or something, 2 cm of like, down the length of your arm.

That's what's going to be chopped out of every one of Murderbot's fucking limbs without anesthesia and without any pain medication afterward.

It— they're literally going to be chopping two fucking centimeters crosswise out of Murderbot's arms and legs without anesthesia.

This is what ART has fucking coerced Murderbot into.

And as I— as I said, it's— Murderbot at this point is pretty much a victim of fucking kidnapping, because yes, it wanted to go to this location.

It did not fucking agree to be harassed by ART the entire goddamn time and be coerced and shamed into this fucking surgery that's not even going to provide it with basic fucking anesthesia or pain medicine.

It literally has to feel all of the fucking agony of its limbs literally being chopped off and then reattached, missing so much— Like, we don't even get into how this wouldn't fucking line up again. Your fucking arm and your fucking leg, they're not perfect fucking cylinders. It's not like a fucking PVC pipe where you can chop off a section in the middle and then the other two ends will still perfectly fucking line up,

because that's a perfect cylinder.

Your fucking arm is different in fucking width at every goddamn section because it's forming a complex shape. And same with your fucking legs.

So, this is not even as quote unquote “simple” as chopping the fucking limb off, because then you have to realign all that fucking— And who knows what they're fucking doing to make

the mismatched fucking portions line up again??

And I, I shouldn't be saying they, because Murderbot is going to be unconscious for this shit. It doesn't want to fucking do this. It doesn't want to do this. It is literally being fucking coerced into this extremely invasive, torturous fucking surgery that it doesn't need to fucking have, and it doesn't want it.

And then this fucking fandom will say that this is the same

thing as a gender affirming surgery. Like Jesus fucking Christ. And they then they think — they don't understand why that's a horrible fucking thing to say. Like oh my fucking god.

> After a lot of argument, we agreed the easiest change for the best result was to take 2 cm of length out of my legs and arms. It doesn't sound like a big change

What the fucking are you talking about, Martha Wells? Literally chopping your fucking arms off?!!? Oh my god. So, literally w— She's she's doing

everything she can to downplay the horror of this fucking thing that is being— that Murderbot is being coerced into.

But like if, if you want to downplay the horror, why didn't you just not not put this in at all?!

There's no fucking reason for it! This doesn't need to fucking exist! This—  there's no fucking reason for this besides ~it's, it's fun to torture Murderbot and say that it's good~ because ART

is bored and it wants to fucking literally treat Murderbot like an experimental fucking doll.

It doesn't sound like a big change, but it meant my physical proportions would no longer match unit standard. It would change the way I walked, the way I moved. It made sense, and I was fine with it.

And it's like, oh my god, being coerced into something and then having to come up with the least fucking harmful option is not the same thing as consenting!

Then ART said we also needed to change the code controlling my organic parts so they could

grow hair. My first reaction to that was no fucking way. I had hair in my head and eyebrows. that was a part of SecUnit configuration that was shared with sex bots. Though the code kept though the code controlling it kept SecUnit hair head hair short enough

# oh my god kept

SecUnit head hair short to keep it from interfering with the armor. The whole idea of constructs is that we look human so we don't make the human clients uncomfortable with our appearance.

# And then in parenthesis,

I could have told the company that the fact that SecUnits are ter

# Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

(I could have told the company that the fact that SecUnits are terrifying killing machines does in fact make humans regard nervous regardless of what we look like, but nobody listens to me.)

End parenthesis. And again, that's supposed to be a fucking hilarious joke.

Literally Martha Well is literally telling us again that the fucking slaves *are* terrifying murder killing machines. Terrifying

killing machines that make the poor innocent slave owners so scared. I swear to fucking God.

> But the rest of my skin was hairless. I told ART that I preferred it that way and extra hair would just draw unwanted attention. It replied that it meant the fine sparse hair humans had on parts of their skin. ART had done some analysis and come up with a list of biological features that humans might notice subliminally. Hair was the only one we could change my underlying code to create. And ART proposed that it would make the joins between the organic and inorganic parts of my arms, legs, and chest and back look more like augments. The inorganic parts that humans had implanted for medical or other reasons.

So much fucking going on here. This is a massive paragraph.

> I pointed out that many

# This is still part of the same paragraph.

> I pointed out that many humans or augmented humans had the hair on their bodies removed for hygienic or cosmetic reasons and because who the hell wants it there anyway? ART counted that humans didn't have to worry about being identified as SecUnits so they could do whatever they wanted to their bodies.

# Literally explicitly saying to Murderbot's face, "Your body does not fucking belong to you. You don't get to fucking have it look the way you it you want it to. You have to do what I

fucking tell you because otherwise you'll be found out as a fucking runaway slave. You don't get to have control over your fucking body. You don't actually get to fucking have bodily autonomy. Fuck you."

It's literally— Murderbot doesn't fucking want any of this fucking!

And it is literally being told that it will literally fucking die if it doesn't!

And it is literally cannot get away from ART!

ART, if ART fucking wanted to, it could stop going to RaviHyral and just fucking kidnap Murderbot off into the depths of space, and there would be literally nothing Murderbot could do about it.

> I still wanted to argue because I didn't want to agree with anything ART said right now.

And Martha Wells is portraying being upset about this fucking abusive shit is that what she's

just saying? “Oh, that's really childish and silly!”

But it seemed minor in comparison to removing 2 cm of synthetic bone and metal from my legs and arms and changing the code for how my organic parts would grow around them.

So, I guess that does fucking mean that literally, yes, everything below the fucking elbow and probably knee is a fucking, uh, prosthetic because we're saying synthetic bone and metal.

ART had an alternate, more drastic plan that included giving me sex related parts, and I told it that was absolutely not an option. I didn't

> have any parts related to sex and I liked it that way. I had seen humans have sex on the entertainment feed and on my contracts when I had been requ when I had been required to record everything the client said and did. No thank you. No. No.

And again, see that how “when I have been for required to record everything.” See how that's at least finally fucking presenting, “Yeah, its spying on people is bad.”

Yet, that's not going to stick around for the entire rest of the goddamn series, because the entire rest of the fucking series,

Martha Wells decides to die on the hill of saying that if you think a surveillance state is bad, and you don't want to be constantly recorded without your fucking consent, even in the privacy of your own home, then you are racist against robots.

Because she's a fucking racist fucking who thinks that oppressed people are oppressed for things that we actually do to hurt other people.

She literally tries to say that if you are upset by constantly being recorded in a goddamn surveillance state, then you are being mean to the poor, innocent, anxious robot who just wants to record you in the privacy of your own fucking home, and you have to let it, otherwise, you're being cruel and ableist and racist against robots.

> But I did ask it to make an alteration to the data port in the back of my neck. It was a vulnerable point and I didn't want to miss the opportunity to take care of it.

Like, like, and again that's just more retconning about that whole thing in the first book, because it was implied in the first book that that's *not* an external data port, you have to cut open the fucking neck to get to it.

But we're just pretending it's just always on the back of the neck.

And again, um, we're about to conveniently remove that stupid, ridiculous, redundant

threat from ever being a threat again.

Not that it was even a threat in the first fucking place, because it was literally goddamn fixed within two pages of it being said to exist, literally just so that Martha Wells could write a scene where the slave heroically tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners, which in the original fucking plan she had was going, to genuinely end in Murderbot's ~heroic,

# beautifully tragic~ death of a slave heroically, successfully killing itself to protect its precious cinnamon roll slave owners.

Once we agreed on the process, I stood in front of the surgical suite. The med system had just sterilized and prepped itself, and there was a heavy scent of antibacterials in the air, reminding me of every time I had carried an injured client into a room like this. I was thinking about all the ways this could go wrong and the terrible things ART could do to me if it wanted.

ART said, "What is causing the delay? Is there a preliminary process left to complete?"

So ART is literally fucking again shaming it from even just being fucking nervous and hesitating, ART is literally fucking literally pressuring it into all of this fucking shit and telling it “if you don't do— if you don't let me play with you like a fucking doll and chop you into literal pieces without anesthesia, you will fucking die and you will be fucking killed for being a fucking runaway slave!”

Even though there has been zero fucking evidence of that this entire godamn point.

I had no reason to trust it except the way it kept wanting to watch media about humans in ships and got upset when the violence was too realistic.

So literally, we are literally told that we should trust ART because it likes slave owners, and wants to protect slave owners, and is upset when slave owners get hurt in TV.

I sighed, stripped off my clothes, and laid down on the surgical platform.

Chapter 4.

What's my phone battery at? Can I continue? It's at 29%. Uh, we can read at least next pageish.

Chapter 4. I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity.

And again, there's no definition for what the fuck that means, because we, we— Book One was calling it “performance reliability”. Now we're calling it “capacity”. What the fuck does

that mean? We don't fucking know.

> I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity, but the percentage was climbing slowly. Bands of pain circled my knee and elbow

Oh no. That's worse. Oh my god. No. No, no, I forgot. I even specifically said that to my twin months ago, but I forgot.

Oh my god.

No.

No. Oh my god.

ART didn't just chop— “just” in heavy heavy repeating quotation marks.

It didn't just chop off Murderbot's limbs at the fucking middle of the forearm.

It went through the fucking knees and elbows.

I have to stop this recording.

I'm, I'm going to commit m— I cannot believe this fucking Oh my god.

Yeah. I'm sorry. Bye. This is just unbelievable. I, I will be back when my phone is charged. This is unbelievable. Holy fucking shit.

Not even simply quote unquote “simply”, all due fucking disrespect, “simply” chopping cross-sections of the fucking forearm and shin: ART chopped straight through the fucking knees and elbows. That's— That's not even—

No.

Goodbye.